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The Life of Christ

IN Poetry AND



A POEM, BY J. H. LARRY,

WITH FULL PAGE

Illustrations by Plockhorst.



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1887.

PREFACE.

MY only apology for presuming to put my lines before the public is that in another form, that of an illustrated poetical discourse, they have been the means of doing some good and awakening interest in the hero of the story, and I have been repeatedly requested to put them in gift book form. I claim nothing for the literary merit of my part of the work, but knowing well by considerable experience in illustrations, that Christ enters the door of the eye, as well as the open ear, and better through them both, and also that the measure of a poem, changed now and then to avoid monotony, has a peculiar hold upon the memory, I have ventured to give to homes where Christ is loved a book that should interest all ages, but especially the young, and cause them for further details of the "Wondrous Story" to turn to the pages of the Sacred Word.

J. H. LARRY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 11, 1887.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

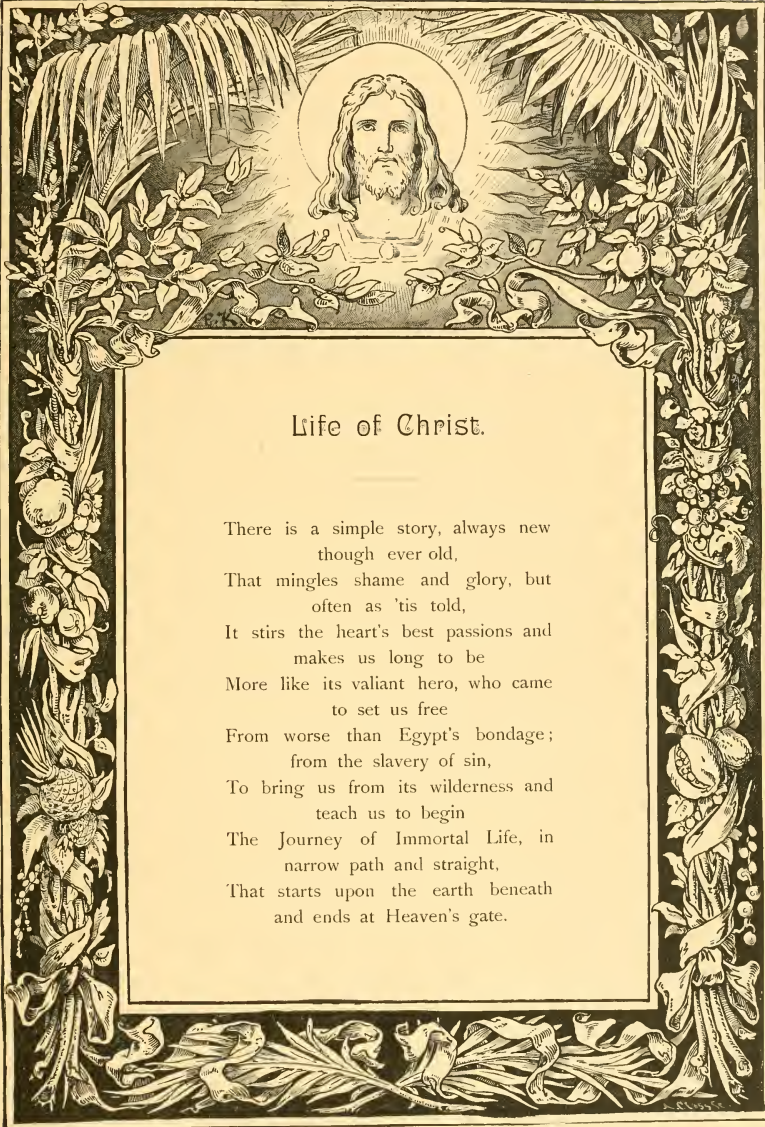


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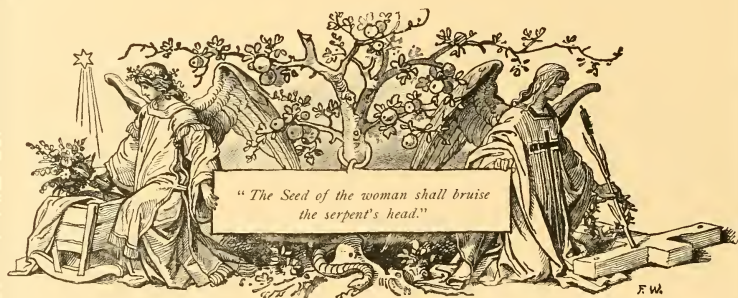
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Life of Christ.

There is a simple story, always new
though ever old,
That mingles shame and glory, but
often as 'tis told,
It stirs the heart's best passions and
makes us long to be
More like its valiant hero, who came
to set us free
From worse than Egypt's bondage;
from the slavery of sin,
To bring us from its wilderness and
teach us to begin
The Journey of Immortal Life, in
narrow path and straight,
That starts upon the earth beneath
and ends at Heaven's gate.



Adown the track of ages, in the dark historic past,
There ever gleams a ray of light, a promise that at last
The seed of tempted woman should bruise the serpent's head
And back again to Paradise the fallen race be led.

Behold the day is dawning, the glad and golden day,
And from the heights of Heaven, an angel speeds away
To tell a worthy maiden, an humble child of earth
That she should be the favored one to give the God-child birth.

Hail thou so highly favored, the Lord is sure with thee.
Among the Jewish maidens, most favored shalt thou be.
Under the Holy Spirit, whose emblem is the dove
Thou shalt become a mother in the raptures of God's love.

For more than seven long centuries had Rome
Been growing up in wealth and power till she
Became at last, the queen of sea and land.
Her emperor's word was law throughout the world.
And in those days it was that his decree
Went forth that all his provinces be taxed.
Then it was that Joseph, being of
The house and lineage of David, went
From the far off hills of Nazareth
Even unto Bethlehem to be
Taxed with Mary, his espoused wife.

Bethlehem, thou fair city, hast no heart of pity,
For woman, tired woman, almost fainting by the way?
Hear the night wind sighing, like to Rachel dying,
Like her baby crying, born beside the way.

Why will those so able, send unto a stable
One who needs the comforts of the richest inn?
One who hath upon her, mark of highest honor,
Honor that will save her e'en from sin.

Thanks for cot so lowly, often are the holy
Found within the dwellings of the poor.
Oft are deepest curses found in longest purses,
Dives cannot enter Heaven's door.

While the world is sleeping, see the shepherds keeping
Watch upon their resting flocks by night.
Lo there comes an angel, 'tis the Lord's evangel,
And the heavens are filled with wondrous light.

Shepherds, fear no danger, go to yonder manger,
For to you is born this day, a King.
Then in song victoria, came that ancient "Gloria
In Excelsis," making Heaven ring.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing
which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

"A little child shall lead them," so said the prophet old,
And this is then the little child that brings the "Age of Gold,"
When swords shall be to plow-shares beat, and spears to pruning hooks,
And the worst battles shall be those of pen and ink and books.

O worship shepherds, bending low, and when your worship's done
Untie the lamb and let him out upon the hills to run.
No more for sacrifice shall such as he be slain;
The "Lamb of God" self-sacrifice shall make a duty plain.

Oh, blessed babe and mother fair, how has the artist striven
To make you both above the earth or in the clouds of Heaven.
But even Raphael failed to paint the face that made his fame
Till in the Vatican one day, he found a peasant dame,

Who careless of the world around, and filled with mother joy,
Fondled as only mothers do her first-born baby boy.
They call her Holy Mother, but every mother's blest
Who's thankful for the baby she presses to her breast.

They call that stable holy that held the Savior child,
And o'er the spot, most carefully have convent walls been piled,
But every spot is holy and sacred every sod
Where man is true to fellow-man and humbly worships God.





Then to Jerusalem they came according to the Word,
And there with humble offerings, present him to the Lord.
Too poor to buy a lamb, a pair of doves they bring,
Yet never to that altar came so rich an offering.

The aged Simeon clasped the child, and to the Lord he cried,
"Let now thy servant go in peace, for I am satisfied;
This child is Israel's glory, he is the Gentiles' light;
In him the world's salvation has dawned upon my sight."

Then came the aged Anna, with slow and halting pace,
And thanked the Lord, and spake of Christ to all about the place.



The Gentiles shall come to his light,
And kings shall come to his rising.
They follow his star in the night,
While the priests who should know are despising

The word of the prophet, which said,
"Out of Jacob a star shall arise,"
And by it the Magi are led,
They have read of their Lord in the skies.

They go to that stable so old,
Presenting him offerings rare,
Frankincense, myrrh and gold,
And bowed and worshipped him there.

Then warned by a dream in the night,
They suddenly take the alarm,
And homeward they take up their flight,
Lest Herod should do the child harm.



King Herod trembled in his rage,
And was exceeding wroth,
He called his trusted messengers,
And straightway sent them forth

To slay each child in Bethlehem,
But an angel of the Lord
Bade Joseph flee to Egypt,
Till he should bring him word.

In haste by night they steal away,
O bitter, bitter thought,
The Lord should come unto his own
And they receive him not.

But angels shall watch over him
Whatever shall be done,
Lest he should dash his tender feet
On some unguarded stone.

O'er stony hill and barren plain
They wend their weary way,
Now halting in some pleasant vale
Where sparkling waters play,

And now they float upon the breast
Of good old Father Nile,
And friends who are to them unseen
Are guarding them the while.

O, Egypt, land of mystery,
Of long forgotten history,
Whose past is hid in pyramid
And obelisk of stone;
O, land of Pharaoh's daughter
Who rescued from the water
His mother's joy, that baby boy,
Who, when to manhood grown,
Though skilled in Egypt's learning,
Their highest honors spurning,
Chose so well with those to dwell
Who worship God alone;—
O, ever fertile river
Who saved the great Law-giver,
Whose waters bright
Reflect the light
Of that mysterious pile,
Thou hast the light immortal,
Come down from Heaven's portal,
Guard well the Sun of Righteousness the while.

* * * * *

Have you never in reading this story
Been struck by the wonderful thought
That everything gives to God glory,
No matter by whom it is wrought?

By the cold blooded act of King Herod
Is a part of the prophecy done;
For to Egypt the Christ-child is carried,
And from Egypt God calls forth his Son.

And what though the prophets may differ,
That they foretell the truth may be seen:—
First Bethlehem, then Nazareth,
For he shall be called Nazarene.



Back to Nazareth they come, to their neighbors,
To the cot they had left long ago,
To the carpenter's shop and its labors,
Where the child in true wisdom might grow.

Here from the synagogue's teacher
Learned he his letters and law;
Here he was fitted for preacher,
Such as the world never saw.

For not in the synagogue only
Learned he the lessons he taught,
Nor in the work-shop with Joseph,
Where he so patiently wrought:—

There is a hill near the village,
Where e'en the boys of to-day
Go for their sports and their pastimes,
Go for their frolics and play.

Here where to-day stands a ruin,
Marking the place where he trod,
Doubtless he took up his lessons
Under the teaching of God.

Here every scene was a lesson,
From the sky overhead to the sod,
Telling how people can conquer
When led out to battle by God.

There in the east was Mount Tabor,
Where in the years long ago,
Deborah, brave hearted woman,
Taught Balak to conquer the foe.

Then came the height of Gilboa,
Where in a terrible day,
The shield of Saul, to the heathen
So vilely was cast away.

Down to the south was Mt. Ebal,
Gerizem, too, by its side,
Whence came the curses and blessings
To which the valley replied.

There rolled the Plain of Esdrælon,
Rich in its pastures and fields,
Where, though so often had bristled
The enemy's lances and shields.

Beyond was the spur of Mt. Carmel,
Where Elijah, the prophet, had trod,
And called down the fire of Heaven,
To prove that the Lord, He was God.

Backward of Carmel, rolled ever
The waves of the great restless sea,
Where Jonah embarked with the seamen
And thought from his Maker to flee.

And where, by the Grecian tradition,
The fair Andromeda was bound
To one of the rocks of the harbor,
And by Perseus, the hero, was found.

Away to the north loomed Mt. Hermon,
With peaks ever covered with snow,
That turn to the reddest crimson
In the fire of the sunlight's glow.



With scenes like these around him,
And the spirit of God within,
He grew in stature and wisdom,
Untainted e'en by sin.

And when to the gilded temple
They took him in his youth,
The priests and scribes all marvelled
At his mastery of truth.

His loving mother missed him,
As they journey to their home,
And back again to the temple
With anxious hearts they come.

"Behold, we've sought thee sorrowing,
Thy father here and I;'
And to the anxious mother
He makes the strange reply,—

"Why seek ye me, do ye not know
My Father is in Heaven?
About his business I must be,
The work that he has given."

But duties are never conflicting,
Her paths are always straight,
So back again to Nazareth,
He goes to work and to wait.

Wait till all things are ready,
Wait till the work must be done.
Was ever a parting more tender
Between a fond mother and son?

Farewell to the shop and the homestead,
Farewell to the loved cottage walls,
Farewell to the long widowed mother;
A world, lost in wickedness, calls.

Down to the banks of the Jordan,
Where the voice in the wilderness cried,
He went with his friends and disciples,
And there in its clear flowing tide

Was baptized, not alone by the water,
For the heavens above opened wide,
And the Spirit, so dove-like, descending,
Came down, and a voice from above,

"Hear ye him, 'tis my only begotten,
Hear him and his message of love."

And now to be tempted of Satan,
He goes to the desert alone,
And tired and hungry, he's bidden
To command bread to come out of stone.

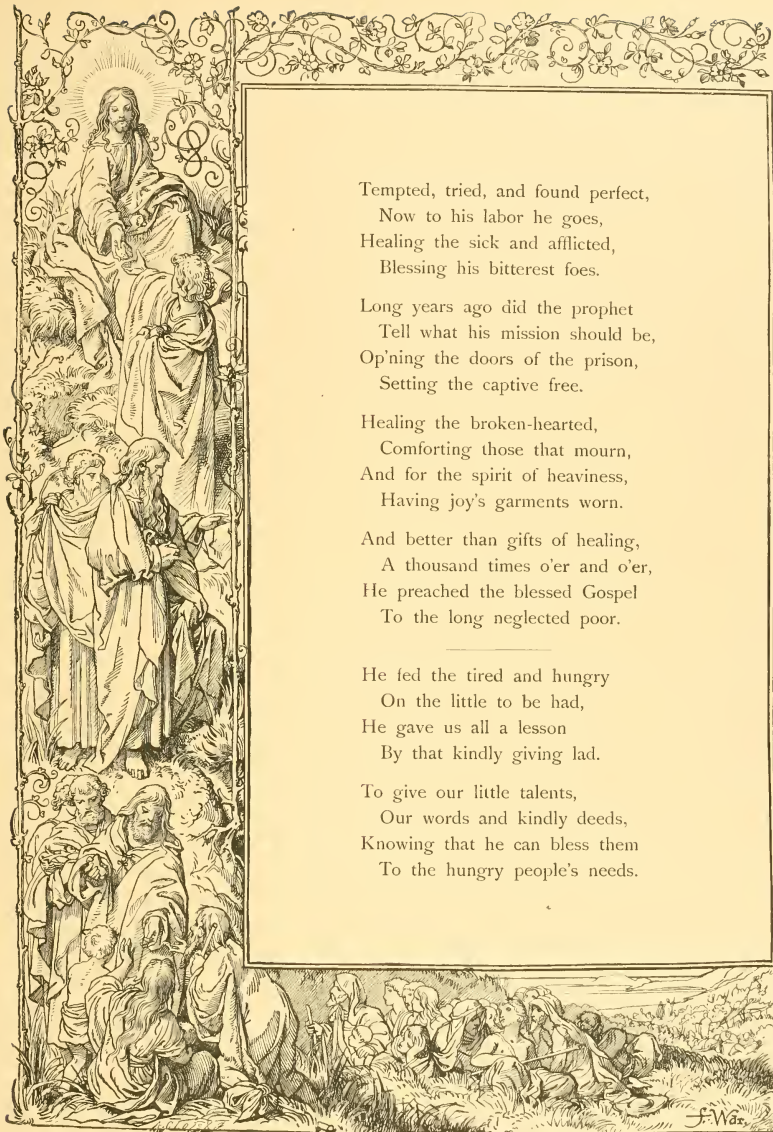
He answered, "'Tis written in Scripture
Man shall live not alone upon bread,
But on the sweet words of the Gospel
Shall him who is hungry be fed."

"Then cast thyself down," said the tempter,
"Cast thyself down to the sod."
"It is written," again answered Jesus,
"Thou shalt tempt not the Lord, thy God."

"Then look on the world all around thee,
All these things will I give to thee,
If thou wilt but fall down and worship,
And render thine homage to me."

"Get thee hence, get thee hence, for 'tis written,
Thou shalt worship and serve but the Lord."
Let us learn from this lesson, when tempted,
We can all safely trust in God's word.





Tempted, tried, and found perfect,
Now to his labor he goes,
Healing the sick and afflicted,
Blessing his bitterest foes.

Long years ago did the prophet
Tell what his mission should be,
Op'ning the doors of the prison,
Setting the captive free.

Healing the broken-hearted,
Comforting those that mourn,
And for the spirit of heaviness,
Having joy's garments worn.

And better than gifts of healing,
A thousand times o'er and o'er,
He preached the blessed Gospel
To the long neglected poor.

He fed the tired and hungry
On the little to be had,
He gave us all a lesson
By that kindly giving lad.

To give our little talents,
Our words and kindly deeds,
Knowing that he can bless them
To the hungry people's needs.

It was the passover, and the faithful Jews
Had come from near and far to celebrate
The day of freedom from the cruel hand
Of Pharoah. Christ was there and taught
Within the temple, and had driven forth
The money changers who advantage took
Of brethren come from other lands.
And while this act had brought upon his head
The maledictions of that grasping crowd,
Others there were who honored him therefor,
And many who believed upon him there.
But one there was, a man of standing high,
Who secretly believed on him, but yet
For fear of what his friends might say of him
Waited until the crowds had left the place,
Until the paschal moon was in the sky,
And then he sought to find this teacher bold.
None ever sought the Son of God in vain.
He finds him walking in the cool night air,
And thus accosts him, "Master we do know
Thou art a teacher come from God, for none
Could do the things thou dost except by Him."
Jesus beheld that face, so full of doubt,
And then like one who knows whereof he speaks
He said, "Except a man be born again
The Kingdom of the Lord he cannot see."
Poor Nicodemus pondered o'er the truth
As many others have done since that day.
A truth so simple that a fool might know,
We're born to earth, and must be born to Heaven.



How often by some touching story,
He brought Heaven down to our sod.
Revealing the innermost glory
And bringing us nearer to God.

We look on the wild wayward brother,
Who longs o'er the wide earth to roam,
From the care of fond father and mother,
From the healthful restraints of his home.

We see him in pleasure's delusion,
The victim of passion and pride,
Till at last breaks the fateful illusion,
False friends leave the wanderer's side.

We see him in basest vocations,
The hard rugged stone for his seat,
And glad of the meanest of rations,—
Still no man did give him to eat.

His heart yearned for home, where he'd rather
A poor hired servant to be,
If only beloved by his father,
From sin's galling fetters be free.

And the heart of the father, long saddened,
Is filled with unutterable joy,
And the long praying mother is gladdened
To greet once again the dear boy.

We are prodigals all and have wandered
Away from the Father above;
Precious moments and trusts have we squandered,
We have trifled with infinite love.

And the parable comes with its teaching,
So plain that a child takes it in,—
What wonder that such blessed preaching
Cheered men steeped in sorrow and sin.

How often did suffering woman
In the hour of her bitterest need,
Look to him as a help superhuman,
A Friend and a Savior indeed.

Once in fair Magdala's city,
A gem on the blue Galilee,
His great heart was melted with pity,
A poor, frantic maiden to see.

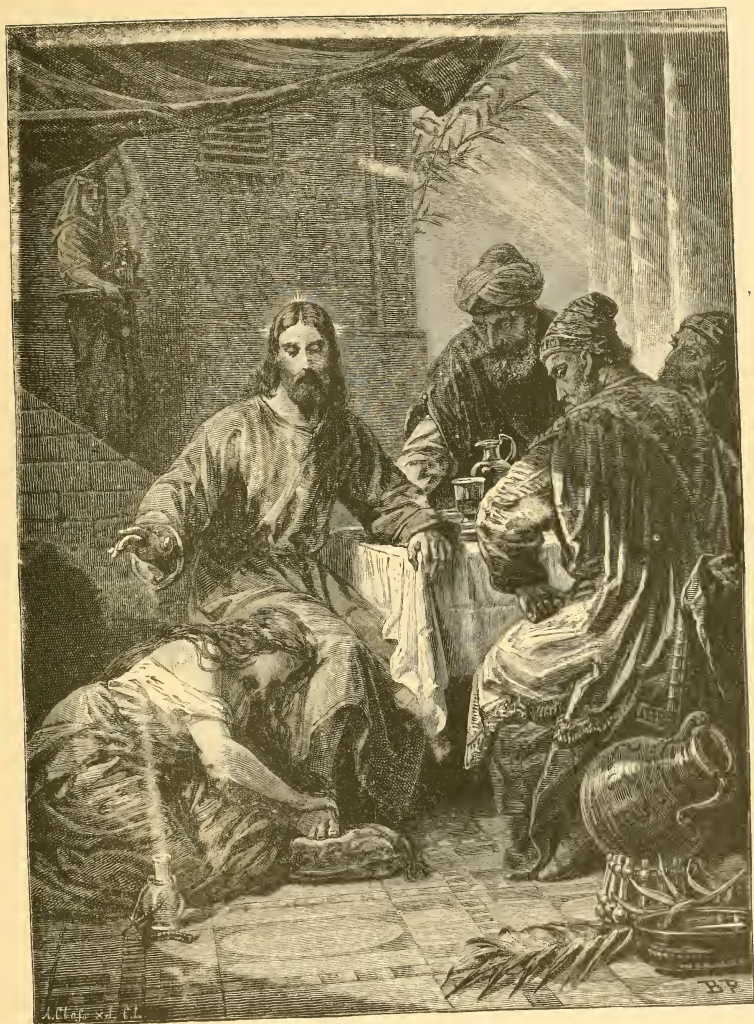
And she, with her trials so laden,
From the demons of sin was set free,
To become a devout Christian maiden,
The first, a Lord risen to see.

And once, while he sat at a dinner
In the house of a rich Pharisee,
There stole to his side a poor sinner,
And weeping she bent at his knee.

She poured on his feet the rich treasure,
A cruse of rare Eastern perfume.
'Twas an offering of love without measure,
And its fragrance pervaded the room.

The Pharisee thought his behavior
Not such as a prophet's should be,
For were he indeed the true Savior,
He'd repel such a woman as she.

Christ read well his thoughts and then clearly
Revealed the true justice of Heaven;
That the one who will love the most dearly
Is the one who has had most forgiven.





And once, as he drank of the waters
That came from the patriarch's well,
'Twas to one of Samaria's daughters
He chose his life's mission to tell.

"I that speak unto thee am Messiah,
The one you believe that should come,
The Savior foretold by Elias,
Go tell the good news at your home.

Drink the water I give, and then never
Shall the strange thirst of sin come to thee,
It will be a cool stream that forever
A constant refreshing shall be.

And again, as they brought a poor sinner
To see what this Jesus would do,
He saw the crushed spirit within her,
And the friend of the erring proved true.

And turning with countenance regal,
He defended her cause there alone;
"Yes, stone her, 'tis punishment legal,
But the guiltless must cast the first stone."

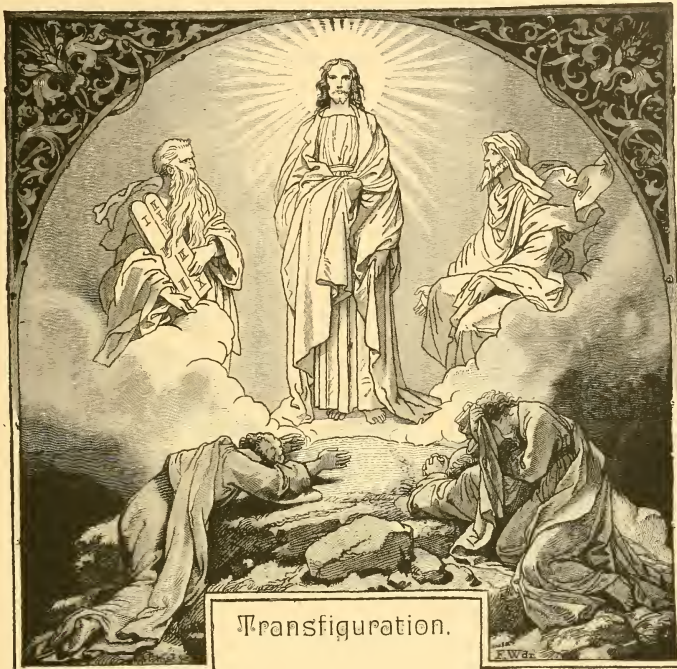
Be Not Afraid.

"Who alone spreadeth out the heavens, and walketh upon the waves of the sea."—*Job.*

The sun was sinking in the western sea
Behind those rugged hills that hem the shore
Of dark blue Galilee. Without their Lord
His followers take a ship and from the shore
Put out upon the calm and peaceful waves.
But soon the darkness, like a mantle black,
Falls down upon them, and the whistling winds
Lash the wild waters into angry foam.
Against the winds and waves they rowed in vain,
And He, the Master, not of them alone;
But of the elements of nature, He
Who once before had bade the waves be still,
And they obeyed him, He was far away
Upon the shore, and could not lend them aid.
But He, who ne'er to perish leaves his friends,
Saw all their bitter toiling, and He came
With light and buoyant step upon the waves.
They thought it was a spirit, but He spake,
"Be of good cheer, 'tis I; be not afraid."
Then Peter, doubting, said, "Bid me come
To Thee, if it be Thou." And he said, "Come!"
But, filled with fear, he sank within the sea,
And cried, "Lord, save!" The Master reached His hand,
"O, thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?"

'Tis ever thus, He sees our every need,
And always comes in just the time to save.
"Be of good cheer," it is the Lord's command,—
Soon from the tossing ship, thou sure shalt land
And on the solid rock of Truth will stand.





Transfiguration.

Now to that sacred mountain
 He takes his trusted three,
 And as he prayed,
 He seemed arrayed
 In garments bright, as purely white
 As driven snow could be.
 But who are these who talk to him
 About his coming death?
 Do heroes gone still look upon
 The wicked world beneath?
 Does Moses still watch over
 The hosts that erst he led?
 From heavenly home do prophets come,
 Is not Elias dead?

Ah, no; the world above us
Beholds our battles here.
The saints passed on still love us
And lend us kindly cheer.

For Heaven hath its powers
To fight the hosts of sin;
Then let God's cause be ours
And we shall surely win.

In a beautiful home in Bethany,
Bethany on the hill,
Nursed by his loving sisters,
A brother was lying ill.

And far away is the Master,
Yet they speed one quick
To carry the urgent message,
"Whom thou lovest is sick."

But Lazarus dies while waiting,
Dies and is buried at last,
With a stone at the sepulchre's op'ning,
Holding the entrance fast.

O wondrous voice of the Master,
Commanding the wind and the wave,
Even the dead shall obey thee,
And life shall come forth from the grave.

"Lazarus, come forth!" how it ringeth
Above all their wailings of woe,
Back to his life that voice bringeth;
They loose him and let him go.







A daughter dear lay dying
In a Galilean home,
The father traveled weary miles
To bid the Master come.
Before that sacred presence
He came with reverent bow;
"I pray thee come and lay thy hands
Upon her fevered brow.

I know that touch shall heal her,
If thou wilt only come."
The Savior saw his earnest faith,
And followed to his home;
But while they went, a servant
Came hurrying with the word,
"Thy daughter's dead already,
Why troublest thou the Lord?"

But to the troubled ruler,
He said, "Be not afraid,
Believe me, I will heal her,
Thy little stricken maid."
He calls, "Talitha-cumi!"
Unto that daughter dear:—
She rose to life and duty,
That saddened home to cheer

One day, while the Master was teaching
The duties of husbands and wives,
Fond mothers pressed forward, beseeching
His blessing to rest on the lives

Of the children they'd borne and were rearing.
The disciples rebuked them all,
But with words of assurance and cheering,
They come at his kindly call.

"O, suffer the little children,
Forbid them not," said he,
"Let no one the darlings hinder
Whenever they'd come to me.

Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,
I have told you this before,—
That you must become like children
To enter in Heaven's door."

Pleased was each loving mother,
As, safe from all earthly harms,
She saw her baby folded
Within the Savior's arms,

Bring to the Savior your darlings
In the innocence of youth,
And then you may know that ever
They will walk in the paths of truth.





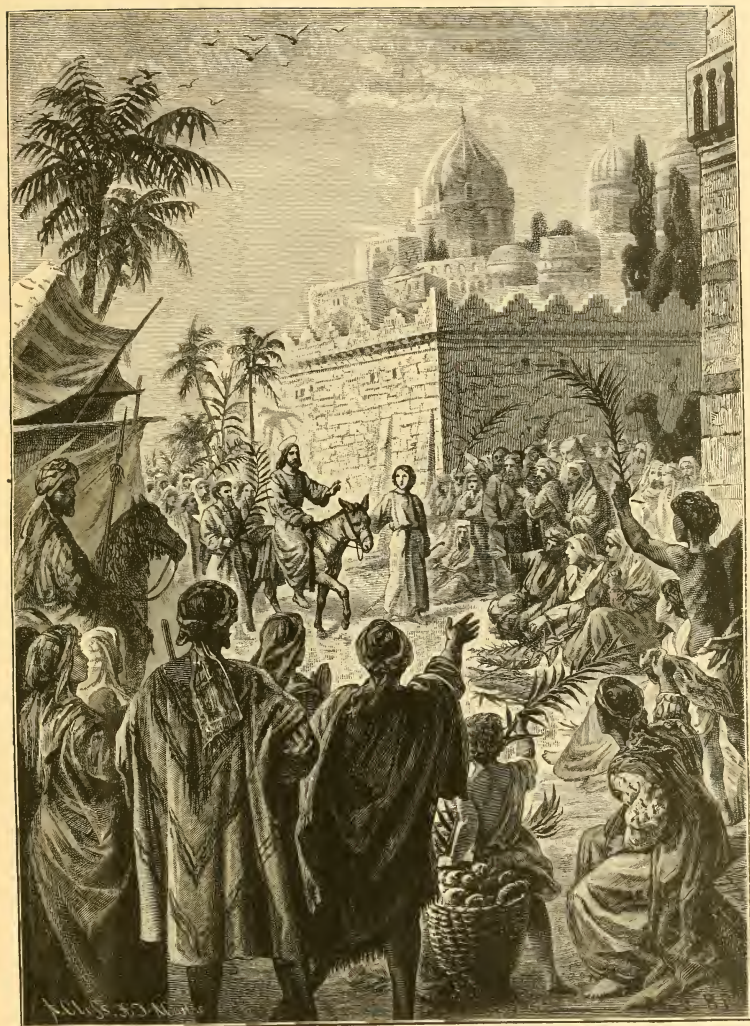




On his last visit to Jerusalem,
And while the rich were casting in their gifts
To fill the temple's treasury, he saw
A widow poor cast in two mites,
A farthing only, but he said to those
Who stood around, "I truly say to you,
She hath done more than all the rest beside,
For they of they abundance gave, but she
Out of her penury hath cast in all."

This Teacher's fame had grown throughout the land,
Not only for his wondrous healing powers,
Making the lame to walk, the blind to see,
And raising e'en the dead to life again;
But in his teaching there was that that raised
The deadened mind to thought, the soul to life,
By story aptly told and parable
He made life's duty plain to every one
Who drank his teachings in and tried to learn.
He brought the Kingdom of his Father down
To earth, and opened up the future world,
So that men said, "He speaks not like a scribe,
But as a man who knows whereof he tells,
Who hath authority from God to teach.
The common people always gladly heard
His voice, and hung upon his cheering words.
All this to envy moved the leading men,
Mere politicians, who for love of place
Would sacrifice all persons but themselves.
'Tis often said the masses turned against
The Great Reformer of this sinful world,
The Friend of sinners and the hope of man.
But he who reads aright must surely see
That 'twas the rich and powerful few, to whom
He had directed such reproving words,
Who planned and carried out that shameful death.

The common people's love was shown at best
When last he visited the holy shrine.
He had been down to Jericho, and there
Had healed blind Bartimeus, beggar poor.
Converted Zaccheus who gave a half
His goods to feed the poor, and now
Followed by crowds, he comes to Bethany
To visit once again that loving home
And be anointed for his burial
By her who knew not what her loving act
Conveyed to him. But onward now they come
O'er Olives' brow, and from the city walls
The people come to greet him as their King,
And King he was, He came as was foretold
Sitting upon a colt, an asses' foal.
They spread their garments underneath his feet,
And pluck the branches from the trees around
And strew them in the way. A crowd before,
A host behind: They raise their voices loud
"Hosanna to the son of David, King
Of Israel, that cometh in God's name;—
Hosanna in the Highest, Peace in Heaven."
But when the Pharisees that saying heard
They bade him chide the multitude, but he
Replied to them, "If these should hold their peace
The very stones of earth would cry aloud."
Then said they 'mong themselves, "We're gaining nought
Behold, the world is going after him!"



Within an upper chamber Jesus sat
With his disciples. One had traitor turned,
Had left the board determined to betray
To those who clamored for the life of Christ,
And for a paltry sum, his chosen Lord.
The dim lamp shone upon that saddened throng,
While now and then the moonbeams stole within,
Escaping through the crevices of fleeting clouds.
Till near the middle hour of night they stayed
And listened to the faithful charge he gave
To guide them in the work when he was gone.
It was a time of sadness, yet they sung
The "Great Hallel," with his the leading voice.
They then went forth into that moonlit night,
Down the dark valley of Jehosaphat,
Across the purling Cedron's stream, until
They reach the trees of old Gethsemane.
Then bidding his disciples watch, he went
With sadly burdened heart aside to pray.
Prone to the ground he falls and calls to heaven;
"O, Abba, Father, unto thee all things
Are possible, if thou canst willing be
Remove from me this bitter cup; but still,
Not mine own will, but ever thine, be done."
But while he prays, the watchers fall asleep,
Their spirits willing, but their flesh is weak.
Then rouse them as they hear his mournful voice:
"What, sleepest thou? Canst thou not watch with me
A single hour?" But once again he prays,
And once again they sleep. But though his prayer
Becomes more agonized and earnest, till
His sweat comes falling down like drops of blood,
Yet still the cup remains, but he is given
The strength to drink it to the very dregs.

There are sorrows in our pathway
Harder far than we can bear,
If we call not on the Father
In an earnest, pleading prayer.

And while we say, "Our Father,"
Let us say it like his Son;—
While we're asking what we'd rather,
Let us say, "Thy will be done."

Though he may not take our burden,
He will do what's better still,
He will give us strength to bear it
And to do his holy will.

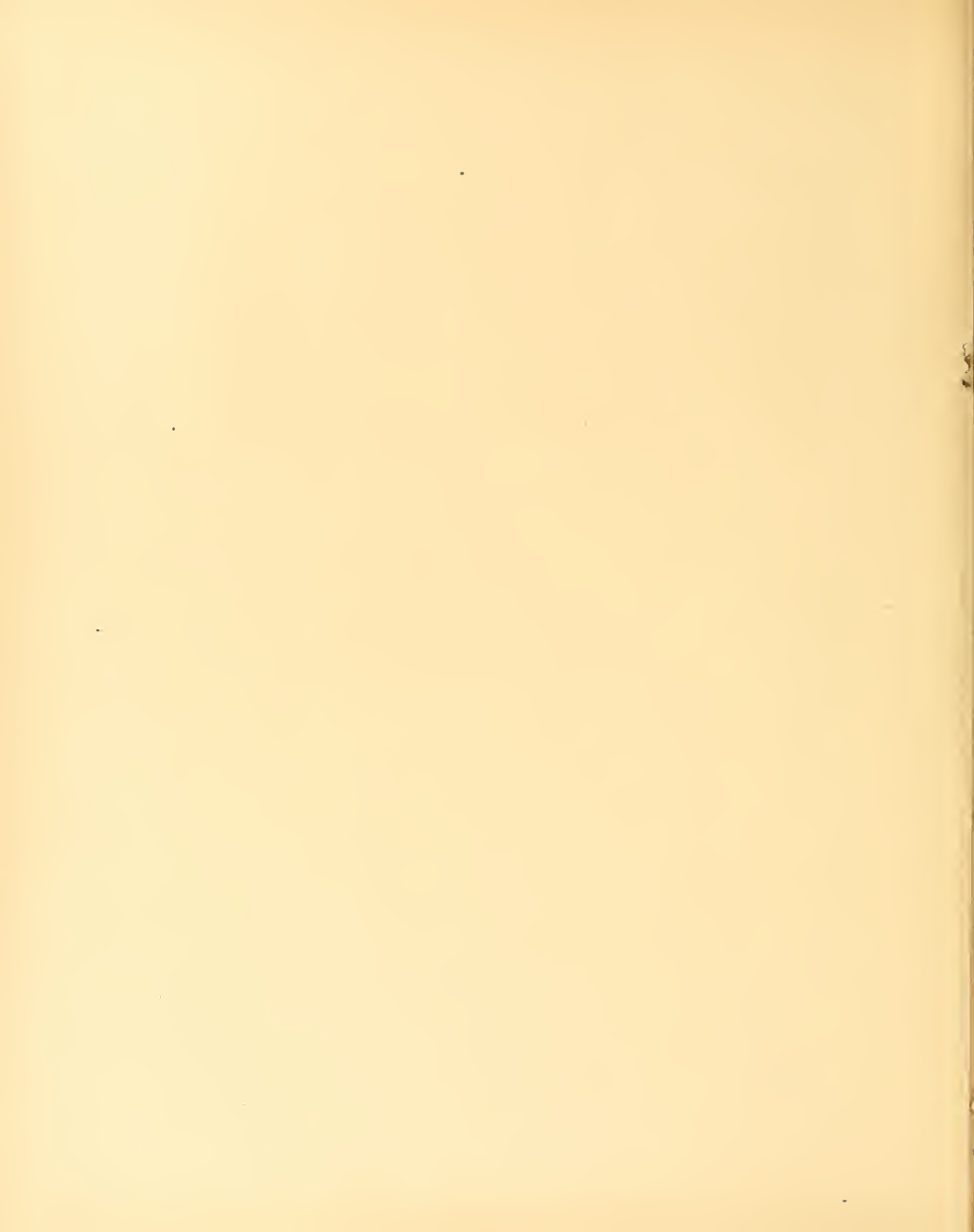
There are angels now, as ever,
Still to minister for those
Who are sinking 'neath life's burdens,
Who are struggling with life's woes.

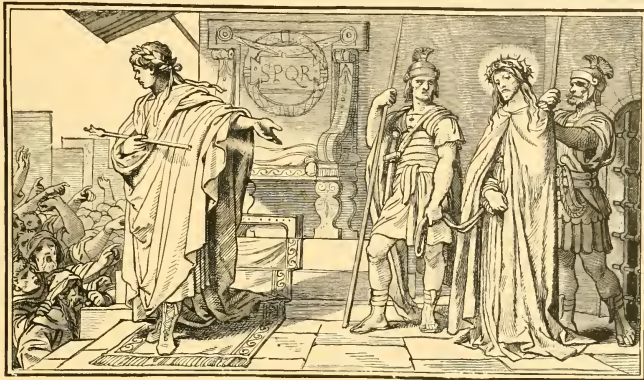
All our prayers may not be answered
In the very way we ask,
But our God will ever give us
Strength to do our daily task.

O, shame upon humanity
That it must ever be,
That those who come to set the slaves
Of any error free,

Should be obliged to suffer wrong,
Be scoffed and scorned and jeered
By those who should have been their friends
And all their labors cheered.







But thus it is: we cry upon
Fanatics of to-day,
And little think our sons will come
And kindly clear away
The rubbish from their unmarked graves
And proudly rear a stone
To tell the world of noble deeds
By these brave heroes done.

And he who came to set the slaves
Of every error free,
Knew well the fate awaiting him
If he should faithful be.
And though to-day the multitude
Their loud hosannas cry,
Their voice is hushed when scribe and priest
Cry out to crucify.

Pilate, poor politician, strove
In vain to please them all,
Then yielded to their coward cry
That filled the judgment hall.
They pressed upon that kingly brow
The cruel crown of thorn,
They smote and jeered and buffeted
With all their wicked scorn.

O, can it be this friend of man
Shall die a death of shame,
Shall he in whom no fault is found
Bear all the cold world's blame?
Shall he who calmly labored on
In doing naught but good,
Be pinioned on the cruel cross
With jeers and scoffing rude?
How could these foes so cruel be?
But I must not forget
My unbelief has caused him pain
And his heart suffers yet
Because of those who still refuse
To own him as their Lord,
Who crucify him now afresh,
Believing not his word.

He dies, and pays the ransom of the world,
But dying blessed his foes. "Father, forgive,
They know not what they do." And now a friend,
Joseph of Arimathea, before
Unwilling to espouse the cause of Christ
While yet the Savior walked and worked with men,
With Nicodemus came, the body took
And laid with care within a new-made grave.
And Pilate placed a guard thereon to please
The Pharisees who feared it might prove true
That, as he said, in three days he would rise.











Though the tomb was well defended
By the Roman soldiers brave,
Angels from above descended
Rescued Jesus from the grave.

Forth he comes in wondrous beauty,
And his radiant form is seen
First of all by one who loved him,
Gentle Mary Magdalene.

Then he talked of truth and duty
To those disappointed men,
As they sadly walked together
On the road o'er Emmaus plain.

And he opened up the Scripture
From beginning to the end,
Showing how the Christ must suffer
And at last should rise again.

Then by Galilean waters
Came he to his chosen few,
Teaching them to be his shepherds
And his chosen work to do.



Again he walked o'er Olive's brow,
His work on earth was done.
And as he raised his hands to bless,
Behold, their Lord was gone.
Back to the Heaven from whence he came,
Back to his throne on high,
Back to those blessed mansions
Beyond the deep blue sky;
Till from some heavenly cloud again
His radiant form shall come,
And he shall take his ransomed ones
To his all-glorious home.





JUN 7 8



